A MASQUE

ENTITLED

"CANADA'S WELCOME,"

SHEWN BEFORE

HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE

ON

FEBRUARY 24TH, 1879,

AT THE

OPERA HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Written by FREDERICK A. DIXON.

Composed by ARTHUR A. CLAPPE,

Bandmaster of the Regiment of the Governor General's Foot Guards.

OTTAWA

MACLEAN, ROGER & CO., PRINTERS, WELLINGTON STREET.

1879

Acc. No. 13361

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Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada in the Department of Agriculture, by

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

36361

The Masque was presented as follows:

	CANADA,	MRS. HARRISON, *Sop.*
PROVINCES.	QUEBEC,	MADAME GELINAS, *Sop.*
	ONTARIO,	MISS AUMOND, *Alt.*
	PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,	MR. BREWER, *Tenor*
	BRITISH COLUMBIA,	MR. GAUTHIER, *Bass*
	NEW BRUNSWICK,	MRS. CORBETT, *Mez. Sop.*
	MANITOBA,	MR. NORMAN, *Bar.*
	NOVA SCOTIA,	MR. SINCLAIR, *Bar.*
	INDIAN CHIEF,	MR. GOURDEAU, *Tenor*
	PIONEER,	MR. O'NEIL, *Tenor*
	WINTER,	MR. GINGRAS, *Bass*

The Chorus, representing Various Nationalities, being composed of the following Ladies and Gentlemen:

Mr. J. Brunel,
" G. Brunel,
" Duffy,
" Taschereau,
" Dion,
" Garland,
" Bureau,
" Wicksteed,
" Lamb,
" Fallardeau,
" Benoit,
" W. McLaughlan,
" Rattey,
" Chenet,
" Chesterton,
" Webber,
" MacIntyre,
" S. McLaughlan,
" Cote,
" Cross,
" Tilley,
" Douglas,
" Orde,
" Dickenson,
" Martin,
" Symes,
" Baldwin,
" Patteson,
" McLean,
" McNeil,
" Lockwood,

Mr. Somerville,
" Beckett,
" Potts,
" Poulin,
" Devlin,
" Sanson,
" Chisholm,
" Williams,
" Allan,
" Grant,
Dr. Malloch,
" Rogers,
" Lynn,
" Hill,
Miss McLaughlan,
" E. C. McLaughlan,
" E. McLaughlan,
" Masson,
" McKenzie,
" Venn,
" Hill,
" Carter,
" Mercer,
" Webber,
" Perkins,
" Billings,
" Bucke,
" Fowler,
" Christie,
" Higman,

Miss J. Caldwell,
" Lockwood,
" Haycock,
" Drummond,
" C. Drummond,
" C. Aumond,
" Laplerre,
" G. Chenet,
" A. Chenet,
" Lockwood,
" Fournier,
" Boyd,
" Wilson,
" Webber,
" McIntyre,
" Miller,
" Traversy,
" Rogers,
" Symes,
" Porter,
" Fortier,
" Reid,
" Carter,
Mrs. Stewart,
" Thurston,
" Cowan,
" Percy Sheppard,
" Symes,
" Blatchell,
" Wilson,

"CANADA'S WELCOME:"

A MASQUE.

The curtain having been raised, there was discovered a sequestered glade in the woods. At the back of the scene, a waterfall splashed over moss-covered rocks, and on either side big trees reared their dark trunks from amidst the feathery ferns. A faint light as of the dawn, showed the grim form of an Indian Chief, standing in the full war dress of his tribe; and as the curtain rose, voices behind the scene sang to a soft melodious strain the following chorus of invisible spirits, during which the stage gradually grew light.

(CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.)

Spirits of the woods, and the prairie, and the lake,
Wake! wake! wake! wake!
For the day begins to break.
Wake! wake! wake! wake!

The sunbeams rise and quiver
On each misty lake and river;
And the mountains, cold and gray,
In the golden light of day
Grow red; in the dawning of the day.

Spirits of the woods, and the prairie, and the lake,
Wake! wake! wake! wake!
For the day begins to break.
Wake! wake! wake! wake!

Then did the Indian Chief advance, and sing his plaint of farewell to the woods.

(RECITATIVE—INDIAN CHIEF.)

The Manitou has spoken! From the distant east
Rises the dawn; the dawn that brings us death.
Faint as the morning mist that lingers o'er the lake,
I see great towns supplant the wigwams of our tribes:
The iron plough drives back the thronging buffalo;
With waving corn the prairie mocks the Indian foot;
The white man comes—The red man fades from off the land.
The Manitou has spoken. Woods and Lakes—Farewell!

(ARIA.)

O prairie, boundless as the sea,
Whose grasses wave in every wind;
O forest, dear in leaf and tree;
Ah, must I leave you all behind!
Is fate so cruel to the free;
Is freedom born to misery?
Farewell! Farewell!

Fair lakes, upon whose gentle swell
My frail canoe has danced her way,
Dear hunter's life I love so well,
Dear woods I track from day to day,
Dear motherland—I may not stay;
The Great Voice wills it.—I obey.
Farewell! Farewell!

Then did one, representing Canada, and robed as an Indian maiden, enter, and sing a simple song.

(SONG—CANADA.)

By forest, lake, and mountain stream,
I wander, free as heaven's own air;
I dream my simple maiden dream,
And pluck the flowerets here and there.

The summer woods for me grow green;
For me the maple turns to red;
The busy beaver owns me queen;
The big moose bows his mighty head.

The great lakes lap my forest throne;
I hear the sound of ocean's roar,
Whose waves no other mistress own
On eastern and on western shore.

Yet still, a simple maid, I dream;
And wander free as heaven's own air:
I see my figure in each stream,
And something tells me it is fair.

Her song being ended, a great noise was heard without, and she fled affrighted. Then entered a number of men, habited as backwoodsmen and trappers, having axes and guns on their shoulders. These sang a song in praise of the life of the pioneer.

(Chorus of Backwoodsmen.)

Strong and ready, firm and steady,
Through the world we'll cut our way,
Looking to the bright to-morrow;
Who can think of cares to-day?

(Solo.)

With his pack upon his shoulder, and his axe beside his hand,
And a thought for wife and little ones at home, far away,
Comes the hardy pioneer to the forest, bound to clear
Home and freedom in the future, through the toils of to-day.

Though the winter frosts be cruel, and the winter storms be fierce,
And his life may be bitter, hard and rough, for a year,
Yet the spring time surely comes, boys,
To all who work it comes, boys,
And the Maple Leaf can give him lo[illegible] enough, never fear.

(CHORUS.)

Strong and ready, firm and steady,
Through the world we'll cut our way;
Looking to the bright to morrow,
Who can think of cares to-day?

Their chorus being ended, they moved off, and Canada re-entered and told her fears.

(RECITATIVE—CANADA.)

What mean these sounds I hear on every side
Through the dim woods? No brawny bear,
No startled deer, or Indian tread, is there.
Behind this mossy trunk, safe hid, I'll bide
And see what strange adventures may betide.

Then did she hide behind a tree; and, to the sound of music, there entered a procession, emblematic of the history of Canada, having therein certain dressed in the costumes of those nations whose people have hewn down her forests and built up her cities. At the last came those who should represent the divers Provinces united in Confederation; and these, advancing to the tree where Canada lay concealed, drew her forth, and placed upon her a noble vestment and a wreath of golden maple leaves. Then did she advance and call upon her people to welcome her royal and noble guests, and these thereat responded in a right loyal chorus.

(RECITATIVE AND CHORUS—CANADA.)

From that great land which gave us rule and right,
Whose guiding hand we held through gloom to light,
Whose greatness, honour, friendships, fame we share,
From England, England's daughter claims our care.
Say, Sisters, say,
How shall we greet her? Sisters, say.

(FULL CHORUS.)

Welcome! Welcome, from heart and hand!
Welcome, fair lady, to our land.
No stranger thou; no strange land this to thee;
No stranger to our hearts henceforward be;
Our royal sister, from across the sea.
Welcome! Welcome, from heart and hand!
Welcome, fair lady, to our land!

(RECITATIVE—CANADA.)

From England comes, though seas our headlands part,
The kindly link that holds us to her heart;
And Scotia's pride with England's honour blends,
And England—England honours him she sends.
Say, Sisters, say!
How shall we greet him? Sisters, say.

(FULL CHORUS.)

Welcome! Welcome, from heart and hand!
Welcome, fair sir, to this our land.
No stranger thou; no strange land this to thee;
No stranger to our hearts henceforward be;
As friend and ruler from across the sea.
Welcome! Welcome, from heart and hand!
Welcome! fair sir, to this our land!

Then did Canada turn to the representatives of the Provinces, and bid them give their greeting.

(RECITATIVE—CANADA.)

Sisters and Brothers
By love and by vow,
Ye that uphold
This fair circlet of gold
That rests on my brow,

Hither come, meet them,
Welcome them, greet them,
Say that ye greet them,
Say! Say!

To which, with a mighty sweet harmony, did they all reply.

(SEPTETTE BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SEVERAL PROVINCES.)

We would strew their path with roses,
With roses white and red;
We would set our fairest garlands
Under foot and overhead:
But our summer days have vanished,
And our roses all are dead.

For the year has slowly faded
With the fading of the Fall,
And our flowers too have faded,
Leaves and flowers, one and all;
And the land of Summer's favour
Is the land of Winter's thrall.

Still our hearts have never faded
With the slender summer flowers;
And the coldest chains of winter
Cannot bind a love like ours,
And the buds of true affection
Still shall bloom in winter hours.

Then did one, representing Quebec, habited as one of the old French noblesse, having embroidered on her robes the fleurs de lys and lions of her escutcheon, and wearing on her head a mural crown, advance and sing.

(SONG—QUEBEC.)

I, Quebec, am come with greeting;
With the grace of other days;
Bringing to our happy meeting
Quaint and curious bygone ways.

Take me to your hearts, my sisters,
Hold me dear and fair to see;
For my past, through bloody vistas,
Shows a famous history.

Visions of past years attend me,
'Neath the golden *fleurs de lys*;
Forms no present time can lend me,
Stately dame and grand marquis.

Ghosts of noble heroes vanished,
With salute of rusted steel,
Din of cannon, long since banished,
Clink of spur on soldier's heel.

What is past is gone for ever;
Was there blood?—'twas bravely shed:
And your memories leave us never,
Grim, and glorious, mighty dead.

Welcome England's noble scions!
In the language of romance:—
Long may England's mighty lions
Guard the *fleurs de lys* of France.*

Then came Ontario, habited in a white dress, with the cross of St. George, and green maple leaves embroidered thereon; her head-dress being of autumnal maple leaves and corn, emblematic of her agricultural wealth,—and this was her song of welcome:—

(SONG—ONTARIO.)

This is the greeting Ontario bears for thee,
Daughter of England and Canada's pride;
Fain would she show thee how fondly she cares for thee;—
Cares for the land for which sons of hers died.

(* *In allusion to the arms of the Province of Quebec.*)

Commerce shall honour thee, throned in her palaces;
Art stretch out hands that a sister may press;
Knowledge shall pour for thee wine from her chalices;
Science shall greet thee; Religion shall bless.

"Onward" our motto is; onward still steadily;
Strong in the strength of an honest right arm.
Nature, besought, gives us, freely and readily,
Orchard and meadow-land, cornfield and farm.

Firm and enduring as mountain and sky may be,
Broad as Superior's turbulent sea,
Strong as Niagara, God grant the tie may be,
Binding the friendship we offer to thee.

Her song being ended, one habited to represent Prince Edward Island, being clad in the raiment of a sturdy farmer, advanced and sung a song in praise of unity.

(Song—Prince Edward Island.)

The thistle, rose and maple leaf
Their grace and strength combine;
The shamrock too its dainty stem,
With theirs is proud to twine.
And this the motto of the friends
Their motto aye shall be:
"Who dares to touch the friend I love
Must meddle first with me."

Through sun and storm the kindly four
United, strong shall grow,
And free from selfish aims at home,
Need fear no other foe:
And none shall ever cut the link
That gives them unity:
Their motto shall unchanging stand,
Just "meddle first with me."

The glorious buds that deck the rose
May tempt the lust of thieves,
And robber hands may long to grasp
The maple's golden leaves.
The thistle, and the shamrock too,
Are fair, as all may see,
But fairer still their motto stands,
Just "meddle first with me."

Then did Canada call upon those about her for a song to tell the pleasures of the jolly winter time.

(RECITATIVE—CANADA.)

Have none amongst ye voice or song to tell
Old Winter's charms, the charms we know so well?

And thereupon, from the crowd about her, certain, clad in blanket coats and tuques, with snow shoes at their backs, came forward and sang right sweetly.

(WINTER SONG.)

When the icicles hang from the boughs and the eaves,
And the frost on the window its tracery weaves;
When the snow fills the woods where no birds ever sing,
Then you may tell that old Winter is king.
Old Winter is king; and his subjects well know
The joys and the pleasures that come with the snow.
Sing, sing, cheerily sing!
Merry the land where old Winter is king.

How the bells of the sleighs in the clear frosty air
Seem to sing as they ring "Now, away with dull care!"
And the bonny girl-faces that Canada grows,
Fur-covered, snow-crested, outrival the rose.
Though rivers are frozen and trees are not green,
Old Winter and Cupid are cousins, I ween.
Sing, sing, cheerily sing!
Merry the land where old Winter is king.

Then hurrah for toboggans! A fine starry night;
And a jolly big moon, with its beams clear and bright.
Ready?—All ready! Away then we go,
And we rush like the wind down the slope of the snow.
Oh! light are the hearts that fly down with the wind:
Who rides a toboggan leaves trouble behind.
Sing, sing, cheerily sing!
Merry the land where old Winter is king.

(TRIO.)

Forget not thou the poor and needy
In the wintry wind.
So shall thy fireside grow warmer,
As thy heart grows kind.

(QUARTETTE.)

Blow, wintry breezes, blow!
O'erlay our land, cold snow!
Freeze lake and river, frost!
Thine is but labour lost.
For, though our skies be chill,
Hearts yet beat warmly still.

For spring-time shall come again,
Sunshine and April rain;
Buds shall blossom, birds shall sing,
After winter comes the spring.

Then one, dressed as a miner, to impersonate British Columbia —wearing a red shirt with heavy boots, a revolver being in his belt, and having a pick on his shoulder and a bag of gold in his hand—advanced and sang.

(BRITISH COLUMBIA.)

From the "Mountain Land" come I,
Land of peaks that touch the sky;
Mighty crags, whose giant feet
The Pacific waters meet.

Land whose summer sees the snow
Swell the torrents far below:
Where the rain-cloud ever breaks,
Rushing down to soundless lakes.
Eagle, lynx and grizzly bear,
Lords of all, hold mastery there.

Now, a strange and ancient race
Sees a new world fill its place.

Through the canyons from the west
Comes a foot that knows no rest;
O'er the Eastern mountain bar,
Comes the stranger from afar—
Comes the white man, strong and bold,
Seeking for the yellow gold:
Grasping with his greedy hands
Precious grains from golden sands;
Rending from the stubborn rocks
Treasures hid 'neath mighty locks.
Over all the ceaseless beat
Of the stamp mill's iron feet;
While the thunders of the mines
Wake wild echoes through the pines.

This my story; mark it well,
For the echoes clearly tell
That, beneath the present strife,
Throbs a new and mighty life:
And Columbia's name shall be
Yet renowned in history.

After this did one advance arrayed in a sea-green dress to represent New Brunswick; having her arms embroidered thereon in gold, and wearing water lilies in her hair; and this one sang a song in praise of the fisher's craft.

(SONG—NEW BRUNSWICK.)

I know, I know,
Where the salmon linger; I know—
Come with me and I will show
Haunts the fisher loves to know.
Through the silent, sleepy hollow,
Through the ferny woods, come, follow;
Where the sunlight gleams and glances;
Where the springing brooklet dances;
Where it gathers in the pool.
Shaded, quiet, green and cool;
Where the waters, as they lie
Mirror back the soft blue sky;—
'Neath the roots that meet the stream,
You shall see their silver gleam.
Come with me and I will show
Haunts the fisher loves to know.

Thereafter came forward two, the one dressed as a trapper and hunter, wearing a deer skin coat and boots, and carrying a rifle on his shoulder: this one represented Manitoba. The other was habited as a fisherman, in a blue jersey and knee boots, to represent Nova Scotia; having the arms of the Province embroidered on his breast, and carrying nets. These two sang in praise of their different fashions of life.

(DUETT—MANITOBA AND NOVA SCOTIA.)

Manitoba—

A hunter am I, and the prairie's my home
Where God's earth is unfettered, and buffalo roam;
Where the breezes that blow, finding never a tree,
Stir the tall prairie grass like the waves of the sea.
As I bend in my saddle, my rifle in hand,
Not a straw would I give to be king of the land.

Now, gallop, good horse! quickly bear me beside
Yon big-headed fellow with shaggy brown hide—
See the foam on his mouth and the steam of his breath!
Full well does he know that the huntsman is Death.
Close up! closer yet! till our sides nearly meet!
Then—one shot! and the monster falls dead at my feet.

(DUETT.)

Ah, the life of the prairie 's } the life for a man.
'Tis the fisherman's life is }
And the bold heart that lives it must do all it can.
Be they waves of the prairie or waves of the sea,
The heart that beats o'er them is fearless and free.

Nova Scotia—

A fisherman, I, with my nets and my boat,
And a King is not freer than I am afloat;
Be there storms on the ocean, or fogs on the shore,
'Tis the fisherman's life I would live evermore:
For the sea is the home where my cradle was swung,
And the voices I hear speak my own native tongue.

There 's the dash of my boat in the trough of the sea,
And the swing of the boom as she shakes herself free:
There 's the splash of the waves from her bow as they break,
And the hiss of the waters that meet in her wake:
There 's the creak of the tackle, the flap of the sail,
And the whistle of winds as they gather the gale.

(DUETT.)

Ah, the life of the prairie 's } the life for a man.
'Tis the fisherman's life is }
And the bold heart that lives it must do all it can.
Be they waves of the prairie or waves of the sea,
The heart that beats o'er them is fearless and free.

Then was heard the music of an exceedingly noble march, and there entered, headed by their colours, a number of the soldiers of the regiment of the Governor General's Foot Guards, and all having formed in due order, Canada did advance and proffer her "Welcome," a grand chorus following her words.

(SONG—CANADA.)

Royal lady, on our welcome
  Deign to look with kindly eyes;
Loyal, loving hearts are beating
  'Neath its simple, homely guise.

Leaving courtly phrase to others,
  We are simple, but we're true;
Canada has one heart only,
  And that heart she gives to you.

Noble sir, we hail you gladly,
  Loyal to the flag you bear;
For where England's flag is waving,
  This—"let right be done"—is there.*

Canada would fain grow upward,
  Strong and straight, as her own pines;
With her name as clear, untarnished,
  As the sun that on her shines.

Loved and honoured through the nations,
  True and faithful she would stand;
Never should her word be doubted,
  Nor dishonour touch her hand.

Guard her so, and she shall bless you;
  And her children yet unborn
In the after-days shall honour
  You, her ruler, Lord of Lorne.

(**In allusion to the words in which the Crown gives its sanction to a Petition of Right.*)

(Final Chorus.)

Now, to all we have and hold,
Corn, and wine and yellow gold,
To this happy land of ours,
Welcome!

To its forests and its flowers,
To its sunshine and its showers,
To its winter's ice and snow,
Welcome!

May our friendship stronger grow,
As the years still onward go;
Long united by fond ties,
May our loving prayers uprise.—

God Save our Gracious Queen,
Long may Victoria reign,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

AND SO THE MASQUE WAS ENDED.